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EXILE

BY WINIFRED WELLES

I have made grief a gorgeous, queenly thing,
And worn my melancholy with an air.
My tears were big as stars to deck my hair,
My silence stunning as a sapphire ring.
Oh, more than any light the dark could fling
A glamour over me to make me rare,
Better than any color I could wear
The pearly grandeur that the shadows bring.
What is there left to joy for such as I?
What throne can dawn upraise for me who found
The dusk so royal and so rich a one?
Laughter will whirl and whistle on the sky—
Far from his riot I shall stand uncrowned,
Disrobed, bereft, an outcast in the sun.

EPISODE

BY WINIFRED BRYHER

If I bring my loneliness
To your arms,—
This is not love.
If I bend my head,
Heavy with life, to meet your strength, forgive me,—
(Would you hold me for a moment without speaking)
This is not love.
It is rest.
A truth in dream,
To slip aside our solitude at meeting,
It is an hour we give to one another,—
Not love.